

Chapter 6 Senseless Talk

"No big deal, just apply an ice pack on him since he's already on meds for his rhinitis, so no need for extra medicine for now..." the doctor said.

He noticed Old Mrs. Kane clutching a heating pad and frowned.

"If he just bumped his head, don't use a heating pad. It'll make the swelling worse by increasing congestion in the capillaries. A cold compress is what you need, and after twenty-four hours, you can use a heating pad with gentle pressure to reduce swelling and promote blood circulation. But remember, wait twenty-four hours first."

He emphasized the importance of the cold compress, making Old Mrs. Kane feel a bit sheepish. Her yellowish eyes glared at Meredith. How could a girl raised in the mountains possibly know anything about medicine? Meredith must have just stumbled upon the solution by chance!

With that in mind, Old Mrs. Kane forcefully handed the warm compress to the servant and coldly snapped. Protecting her ego, Old Mrs. Kane refused to acknowledge her mistake and ordered, "Hurry up and get an ice pack now!"

James, who had just narrowly escaped disaster, glared tearfully at Meredith.

His resentful eyes seemed to say, "Don't think you've done me any favors. I wouldn't be in this mess if it weren't for you."

After the family doctor left, Beulah used an ice pack to treat her son's forehead.

She asked Meredith softly, "My dear, how did you know a cold compress was needed?"

"The mountain roads are rough, and I used to bump into things a lot when I was little. My grandma always treated me this way," Meredith explained softly.

Her voice was gentle, but everyone could hear her clearly.

They had thought Meredith had some medical knowledge. It turned out that she was relying on home remedies from her remote mountain upbringing.

"I'm sorry, Meredith..." Beulah held Meredith's hand.

Every time she thought about how her daughter had relied on folk remedies instead of professional medical care when she was injured, her heart ached.

Meredith's thick, long eyelashes fluttered, casting a shadow over her eyes, and she said nothing.

Old Mrs. Kane sneered, "So, just to show off the little folk remedy you brought from the mountains, you pushed your own brother?"

Meredith's voice remained calm as she replied, "I didn't push him."

"No? Could he have fallen like that on his own? Do you think I'm stupid, or do you think James is stupid?!" Old Mrs. Kane's voice dripped with sarcasm.

Beulah tried to defend her daughter weakly, "Mom, Merry really didn't push James. He accidentally fell and hit the bed frame..."

The old woman glanced over with a skeptical look, "Merry? How darling? Hah! So she's your precious child, and James isn't?"

Beulah frowned, "No, Mom, I'm just telling the truth..."

"What do you mean 'no'? The fact is that James got hurt, while she didn't have a scratch on her! If James's head had been injured because of this, how would she mend it?!"

Old Mrs. Kane cut Beulah off sharply, "And another thing, that room was originally James's study, which you arbitrarily turned into a bedroom. Where will James study in the future? Change it back right away! James will start first grade soon and will be a genius like Gary. He'll at least be at the top of his class, if not the top ten. He can't be without a study!"

Her voice was laced with pride.

Gary, the eldest of Kane's grandsons, had been a prodigy since childhood. He completed his university studies at age twenty and started his own business abroad.

Old Mrs. Kane's pride and joy was her eldest grandson, Gary, but Myra wasn't too shabby either.

While not a Kane by blood, Myra had been raised in the family and treated like one since she was a child. She was well-behaved, excelled in her studies, and most importantly, she was engaged to the son of the Hale family.

Meredith, on the other hand, what good was she, even though she was proven to be the family's biological child? Nothing!

Anything Myra could do, this girl raised in the mountains couldn't even come close to.

"So, where will Merry live?" Beulah asked, distressed, "We've already wronged her so many years for letting her stranded in the mountains; we can't mistreat her materially as well..."

"How have we wronged her?" Old Mrs. Kane smirked, "Which of the two guest rooms on the first floor is worse than her mud hut in the mountains? It's good enough to have a place to stay. Why be so picky!"

Beulah opened her mouth to speak but stopped.

Her mother-in-law had always been overbearing. If it weren't for her giving birth to two sons for the Kane family, with the eldest son being a genius and promising, she would probably have been forced to divorce a long time ago.

Beulah refrained from arguing with Old Mrs. Kane. However, when she thought about Meredith enduring seventeen years of suffering and still not being welcomed back, she felt guilty.

Just as she was in a dilemma, Meredith pulled her aside.

"So, I get to live in a good room if I rank in the top ten of my grade? And have a separate study?" Meredith looked at Old Mrs. Kane.